Giue it the Captaine. *Duke.* Haſt thee for thy life.
Baſt. He hath Commiſſion from thy wife and me,
To hang *Cordelia* in the priſon, and to lay
The blame vpon her owne deſpaire,
That ſhe fordid her ſelfe.
Duke. The Gods defend her, beare him hence a while.
Enter Lear with Cordelia in his armes.
Lear. Howle, howle, howle, howle. O you are men of ſtones;
Had I your tongues and eyes, I would vſe them ſo
That heauens vault ſhould cracke; ſhees gone for euer,
I know when one is dead, and when one liues;
Shees dead as earth, lend me a looking glaſſe,
If that her breath will miſt, or ſtaine the ſtone
Why then ſhe liues. *Kent.* Is this the promiſt end?
Edg. Or image of that horror? *Duke.* Fall, and ceaſe.
Lear. This feather ſtirs, ſhe liues; if it be ſo.
It is a chance which do's redeeme all ſorowes
That euer I haue felt. *Kent.* A my good maiſter.
Lear. Prethe away. *Edg.* Tis noble *Kent* your friend.
Lear. A plague vpon you murderous traytors all;
I might haue ſaued her, now ſhees gone for euer,
Cordelia, Cordelia, ſtay a little; ha,
What iſt thou ſayeſt? her voyce was euer ſoft,
Gentle, and low; an excellent thing in women;
I kild the ſlaue that was a hanging thee.
Cap. Tis true my Lords, he did.
Lear. Did I not fellow? I haue ſeene the day,
With my good biting Fauchon I would
Haue made them skippe; I am old now,
And theſe ſame croſſes ſpoyle me, who are you?
Mine eyes are not oth' beſt, ile tell you ſtraight.
Kent. If Fortune bragd of two ſhe loued or hated,
One of them we behold. *Lear.* Are not you *Kent?*
Kent. The ſame your ſeruant *Kent*, where is your ſeruant *Caius?*
Lear. Hees a good fellow, I can tell that,
Heele ſtrike and quickly too; hees dead and rotten.
Kent. No my good Lord, I am the very man,
Lear. Ile ſee that ſtraight.

Kent.

Kent. That from your life of diſ
Haue followed your ſad ſteps.
Kent. Nor no man elſe; all's chear
Your eldeſt daughters haue foredo
And deſperatly are dead.
Duke. He knowes not what he ſee
That we preſent vs to him. *Edg.*
Capt. Edmund is dead my Lord.
Duke. Thats but a trifle heere; y
Know our intent, what comfort to
applied: for vs we wil reſigne duri
to him our abſolute power; you to
ſuch addition as your honor haue
ſhall taſt the wages of their vertue,
ſeruings, O ſee, ſee.
Lear. And my poore foole is han
dog, a horſe, a rat ~~of~~ *haue* life, and thou
come no more, neuer, neuer, neuer;
thanke you ſir, O, o, o, o. *Edg.*
Lear, Breake hart, I prethe breake
Kent. Vex not his ghoſt, O let h
He hates him that would vpon the
Of this tough world ſtretch him ou
Edg. O he is gone indeed.
Kent. The wonder is he hath end
He but vſurpt his life.
Duke. Beare them from hence,
Is to generall woe: friends of my ſo
Rule in this kingdome, and the go
Kent. I haue a iourney ſir, ſhortl
My maiſter cals, and I muſt not ſay
Duke. The waight of this ſad ti
Speake what we feele, not what w
The oldeſt haue borne moſt, we th
Shall neuer ſee ſo much, nor liue ſo

FIN

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